THE EDITOR,

THE BOOKSELLERS,

AND

THE CRITIC,

AN ECLOGUE.

From No. XII. *of a Collection of Papers, Literary and Political, Entitled,*

CHALMERIANA.

REPRINTED, MAY 1800.

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THE ARGUMENT.

MR. IRELAND, *the Editor of the Shakeſpeare Papers*, MR. EGERTON*, *and* MR. BECKET, *the one a Military, the other a Civil Bookſeller, met at* MR. STOCKDALE'S *ſhop in Piccadilly on the day after the intelligence arrived of the new Revolution in the Government of France, under the* Tri-conſular *Power in the perſons of Ducos, Sieyes, and Buonaparte.* Mr. CHALMERS *happened to be there at the time, with various Gentlemen who had been the ſubject of much public diſcuſſion and converſation. Mr. Stockdale, who always obſerves propriety in whatever he does or propoſes to do, was ſuddenly ſeized with a deſire that an Arcadian† Converſazione ſhould take place between Mr. Ireland, Mr. Egerton, and Mr. Becket; and, having previouſly whiſpered his intention to them, moved that a ſelect party ſhould retire for the purpoſe into his parlour. The ingenious Editor and the two amiable Bookſellers conſented on this condition, that Mr. Chalmers ſhould take the Chair as Preſident. Mr. Chalmers,* with his uſual courteſy, candour, and politeneſs *ſmiled, and ſeated himſelf.* THE LEADEN MACE *being placed on the Table, he nodded to Mr. Egerton, and Mr. Egerton firſt addreſſed Mr. Ireland.*

The Illuſtrations

By J. MAC TAGGART, *Profeſſor of the* Humainities, *from Aberdeen,*

and

Mr. JASPER HARGRAVE, *Clerk to Mr. Owen, Junior, Barriſter at Law, of Paper Buildings, Inner Temple.*

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* Of the Military Library, Whitehall, and one of the St. Martin's Volunteer Corps.

† The reader will find by the reſult how much Mr. Stockdale was miſtaken in his *Arcadian* ideas. JASPER HARGRAVE.

THE EDITOR,

THE BOOKSELLERS,

AND

THE CRITIC,

AN ECLOGUE.

THE SPEAKERS.

Mr. IRELAND, *the Editor of the Shakſpeare Papers.*
Mr. EGERTON, *a Military Bookſeller.*
Mr. BECKET, *a Civil Bookſeller.*
Mr. CHALMERS, *a Critic and Preſident.*

The SCENE; *Mr. Stockdale's Parlour, in Piccadilly:*
The TIME; *Monday, Nov.* 18, 1799.

MR. EGERTON.

O THOU, by Nature form'd, or happier Art,
To trace the windings of Man's eaſy heart,
And prove, tho' oft unwelcome beams intrude,
All love deluſion, or themſelves delude;

Begin,

Begin, my IRELAND, for 'tis thine to cope
With proud MALONE, and more preſumptuous
POPE. (*a*)

See JERNY's (*b*) "younglings are but juſt awake,"
And Cuddy PYE the Tritons (*c*) teaze and ſhake;
See there the tender, ſimple-minded Swain,
BOSCAWEN ambling (*d*) on the Sabine plain;
FITZGERALD, SOTHEBY (*dd*), Poets of the Nile,
Provoke the ſneer, and make e'en NELSON ſmile.

Yet

(*a*) It will ſoon be diſcovered who has aſſumed this title. JASPER HARGRAVE.

(*b*) It is not eaſy to determine to which of Mr. Jerningham's ſilly, chirping "younglings" Mr. Egerton alludes; but it is really aſtoniſhing that ſuch a Writer, whoſe characteriſtics are *feebleneſs and inanity*, ſhould think himſelf qualified to make the greateſt Orator of France, BOSSUET, *ſpeak Engliſh*. JASPER HARGRAVE.

(*c*) See Mr. Laureat Pye's Naval Poem, entitled NAUCRATIA, in which the *Salt Water* has had no effect on his Poetical Conſtitution, which ſadly wants a little bracing.—JASPER HARGRAVE.

(*d*) It is an odd obſervation of Horace, that "*Offenduntur quibus eſt* EQUUS." See Boſcawen's Tranſlation, and *his* Diſſertation on Horſes. J. HARGRAVE.

(*dd*) An ingenious Writer, and of a poetical turn of mind. His Tranſlation of the German Poem called "*Oberon*" is

his

Yet what are all their feats, their claſſic claim,
Their jinglings, jugglings—to thy ſovran (*e*) fame,
Where Thames' and Avon's kindred waters meet,
A mingled current, faſt by Norfolk-ſtreet?
What time in ſaffron ſock PARR (*f*) bleſs'd the day,
And WARTON chanted ſoft the ſpouſal lay;
The Owl of Somerſet, the Soland Gooſe,
And the Bat flitted o'er the auſpicious nooſe;
While Art diffus'd around thy magic room
From ſtars of yellow glaſs a golden gloom, (*ff*)
And bade the entranced viſitant ſurvey
Thy pure moſaic, and thy rich inlay,
The duſky parchment, and the nicer ſtain
Dy'd on the page in Stratford's antique grain:
Hail!

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his principal work. His verſes on the Nile ſhould have been given to the crocodiles. J. MAC TAGGART.

(*e*) "*Sovran.*" The word is written in this manner in compliment to Mr. Ireland, who admires unuſual and ſublime ſpelling. J. HARGRAVE.

(*f*) Alluding to the teſtimonies of the learned and intelligent to the authenticity of the Shakſpeare Papers, with all the ſignatures, too numerous and too well known to tranſcribe, viz. Dr. Parr, &c. &c. J. H.

(*ff*) This verſe deſcribes *the medium* through which the MSS. and Drawings were exhibited to the public view.

Hail! and the rod of SHAKSPEARE wield alone:
See thy own CHALMERS, Champion of thy Throne!

MR. IRELAND.

How ſweet, my EGERTON, thy rapt'rous voice!
Clear is thy head, and CHALMERS is thy choice.
'Twas mine to dive in Earth with ſtep profound
For Proſper's Staff, and bid my Plummet ſound
The depths, where buried ſlept his wizard roll,
And Common Truth and Common Senſe control;
No giant taſk, "weak maſters as they are,"
Their nerves all pliant, and their ſemblance fair:
Well ſung the Knight, that "Pleaſure is as great
Of being cheated deftly, as to cheat."

MR. BECKET. (*g*)

Avaunt!—nor hope from me endearing ſounds,
Nor tongue light-tripping o'er theſe Fairy grounds:
No,

(*g*) In this ſpeech the reader will perceive the tremendous effects of ungovernable paſſion on a poetical mind like Mr. Becket's, which, though enthuſiaſtic, is generally led by the ſofter Muſes. There is much of the ſublime and terrible graces in his Addreſs to Mr. Egerton, enforced by the boldeſt figures, and not without the cadence and harmony of the

No, miſerable Pair!---with ſcorn I view
Your Scrip Arcadian, and your ſtockings blue.
Have ye not heard, when o'er the trembling foe
My loud *Auruncian* Trump on high 'gan blow,
How Sophiſts, Poetaſters, Atheiſts fled,
And e'en ſome Miniſters would droop the head;
Impoſtors, Hirelings, Daſtards, all ſtood mute,
Abaſh'd, confounded in MY (*h*) fam'd PURSUIT?

IRELAND,

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the elder Bards. Mr. Becket is poſſeſſed with the whole ſoul of Ajax, the appropriated Hero of all deep reſentment.

BECKET in arma prior, nulloque ſub Indice venit;
Nec dubium, verus furor ille an creditus eſſet!

J. MAC TAGGART, Profeſſor of the *Humainities* in Aberdeen.

(*h*) I have it in my power to announce to the Public, without the leaſt doubt or heſitation, that Mr. THOMAS BECKET, Bookſeller, in Pall-Mall, is the ſole and unaſſiſted Author, Compoſer, and Publiſher of "THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE." He has come forward candidly, and openly confeſſed it, *like a man;* and I can add alſo, what is not ſo generally known, that about a year ago Mr. B. was ſummoned before the P—y C——l, and ſeverely examined touching his celebrated Poem, by Mr. Pitt, Lord Grenville, Lord Loughborough, Mr. Dundas, the Maſter of the Rolls, the Attorney General, and other Officers of State; and, though the utility and merit of *his* Work was allowed BY ALL

IRELAND, from thee I turn: thy views are known,
Left to the boards of Drury, and MALONE.

But THOMAS, thou, baſe Bookſeller, retire
To CURL, and MIST, or modern DUTTON's Choir:
See DILLY (*i*) frowns, with RICHARD (*k*) by his ſide;
And NICOLL, of Pall-mall the prop and pride,
Chief

THE MINISTERS, *nem. diſſ.* yet he was ſaved from actual commitment by the interference and friendly pleaſantry of Lord Loughborough alone. But can it be a matter of ſurpriſe that ACIS ſhould yield to the blandiſhments of GALATEA?—From an Anonymous MS. communication, *penes me*; JASPER HARGRAVE.

(*i*) THIS PROCESSION OF INDIGNANT LONDON BOOKSELLERS, with Mr. DILLY at their head, frowning, as they paſs, on their Military Brother Egerton, is finely imagined, and is peculiarly terrific. Whether the idea was taken from the *Seven Chiefs againſt Thebes* by Æſchylus, or the ſpectres of the Kings in Macbeth by Shakſpeare, I cannot determine; but I think Mr. Becket is, like the ſon of Euphorion, impetuous, abrupt, ſublime. J. MAC TAGGART, Profeſſor of the *Humainities*.

(*k*) Richard Cumberland, Eſq. a great friend of Mr. Dilly, and his learned Patella.

"Archaicis conviva recumbere lectis."

J. MAC TAGGART, Profeſſor, &c.

Chief of that ſprightly Band, whoſe mirth and peace
Nor can admit, nor yet deſire *increaſe* (*l*);
Botanic WHITE rejects thee, ſolemn PAYNE,
And ſplendid EDWARDS with Morocco train;
WALTER, on whom Arabian glories ſmile,
His *Phœnix* (*ll*) bold o'er Learning's funeral pile;
And CADELL, panting for the civic crown, (*m*)
Swords, chains, and giants figur'd on his gown;
And Lydian ROBINSON, whoſe purſe and preſs
Nor WALPOLE could affright, nor JONES diſtreſs; (*mm*)

And

(*l*) Mr. Becket ſeems to allude to ſome agreeable Society or *Club*, which is *Unincreaſeable*, as it ſhould appear. I deſpair of the preciſe meaning of this rather obſcure paſſage. JASPER HARGRAVE.

(*ll*) A Bookſeller auſpicious to the riſing of Science, at the *Phœnix* Inſurance Office.

(*m*) Mr. Alderman CADELL, now in juſt and eager expectation of

" Pomps without guilt, of bloodleſs ſwords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces."

See, to what diſtinction and dignity Literature conducts it's patrons and votaries! JASPER HARGRAVE.

(*mm*) Horace Walpole's and Sir W. Jones's Works, the one in five Volumes, the other in ſix Volumes, *Imperial*

And RIVINGTON, to whom e'en Biſhops bow;
ELMSLEY the ſhrewd, and dark-brown BREMNER's brow.
He too, whoſe orb with ſmiles alternate greet
The Sons of Cam, and Nymphs of Oxford-ſtreet,
Accommodating LUNN (*n*), whoſe riſe and fall
VINCE beſt deſcries o'er Granta's learned ball.
See LACKINGTON, at whom the Muſes ſtare,
Bound in their Temple faſt by Munroe's-ſquare (*nn*);
At thee e'en JOHNSON ſtarts, and either BELL,
(One mourns his *Monk*, and one rings *Cruſca's* knell);
Repentant

Quarto!—What can alarm ſuch a Bookſeller in theſe times? JASPER HARGRAVE.

(*n*) W. H. LUNN, of the Claſſical, Philological, and Mathematical Library, No. 332, Oxford-ſtreet, and in Cambridge, who is ſaid to divide his learned attention between *theſe two* Seminaries, to accommodate all parties. I am told that, in the Cambridge Almanac, his *riſing* and *ſetting* in the Univerſity is accurately calculated by the Rev. S. Vince, the Plumian Profeſſor of Aſtronomy, in the ſame manner with that of *Venus;* when W. H. LUNN will be a *Morning*, and when an *Evening Star*, on which obſervation much depends in that luminous Univerſity. J. MAC TAGGART, Profeſſor of the *Humainities*.

(*nn*) Mr. Lackington has very auſpiciouſly placed the Temple of the Muſes cloſe to Bedlam. J. H.

Repentant RIDGWAY; PHILIPS from the Seine;
The Pamphlet Tribes, dull, ſelfiſh, low and vain,
With the ſtrange, motley, Gallic, German crew,
Who feaſt and ſtarve by turns on KOTZEBUE;
All, all diſdain thee in this *ſocial* age!—

But wherefore waſte my Bibliopoliſh rage?
Nor Bookſeller art thou, nor Books thy care:
Camps are thy Shops—thyſelf a Man of War!
Hence to yon Guards, where WYNDHAM's palate nice
On *Ceſtrian* (*o*) *parings* feeds his Clerks, like Mice;
Where LEWIS ſmiles at SHERIDAN and Wit,
BURKE and Reform, and Eloquence and PITT;

There

(*o*) Uſed in compliment to Mr. Windham's celebrated *Cheeſe-parings;* but the Right Honourable Secretary has ſince adopted a Sertorian, or rather a *Sar*torian phraſeology, and adviſed us not "to cabbage from our own coat." *Q.* Metellus, an Elliot?

In the Report on THE NATIONAL CHEESE, it appeared that Mr. Lewis, the Deputy Secretary at War, had more than *eighteen thouſand* ſlices of *a pound ſterling each*, to his own ſhare, above three times the quantity allowed to THE GREAT MOUSE, or firſt Lord of the Treaſury and Chancellor of the Exchequer united; and the other Clerks *Ex* and *In* (*Tray*, *Blanch*, and *Sweetheart*) all in fair proportion. It is imagined they will never let the Cheeſe drop from their mouths, except a Vulpine Committee ſhould flatter them into a Song, which is very much to be deſired. J. MAC TAGGART, Profeſſor of the *Humainities*.

There plead with trumpet-tongue thy crimſon trade,
Tactics and Triggers, Breechings and Brigade;
There mount thy Auſtrian Cock, and Auſtrian Tail,
And turn the Fencibles of Pindus pale!

Yet boaſt not thou, vain Renegado Knight,
Thy patriot ſoul, and ardour in the fight:—
See'ſt thou thoſe mournful Bands, and prudent YORK,
Thoſe Samnite trenches, and that Caudine Fork?
Ah, more than Traitor to thy Country's cauſe,
Her ill-ſtarr'd proweſs, and her injur'd Laws,
Thou friend to BRUNE, and DAENDEL's beſt Ally;
Hence: and my deep-aim'd, righteous vengeance fly!
By thee BRITANNIA firſt was taught to crouch.—

If e'er ſhort ſlumbers eaſe thy guilty couch,
Thee, Caitiff, ſhall Sir RALPH, the Soldiers' Friend,
And gallant MOORE, and hapleſs MORRIS rend,
And curſe with me, with all, that fatal day
When thou couldſt empty ſend Sir RALPH away,
(Thou ſhame and ſcorn of Martin's gallant train,
With plumbean Auſter heavy on thy brain),
And dare prefer, to patriot feelings cold,
Chalmerian Lead to RALPHO's proffer'd gold (*p*).

CHALMERS

(*p*) The *entire* failure of THE EXPEDITION TO HOLLAND, in September and October 1799, has been attributed by

CHALMERS had lock'd the Dutch in ſenſeleſs ſleep,
Nor left DUNDAS and PITT to wake and weep:
Sad Miniſtry!—yet righteous ſure their aim,
Juſt every plan, and *thine alone* the blame.

Hence: in thy dream may Gallia's Chief aſcend,
The Star of JULIUS beaming on his end;
May Harpies riſe, and Gorgons fierce invade,
And the dread form of THE TRICORPORAL SHADE!(*q*)

The

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by the beſt and moſt candid judges (and not by Mr. Becket alone) to Mr. Egerton's unfortunate refuſal of General Sir Ralph Abercrombie's offer, *on the part of Government*, to take the whole impreſſion, *ad valorem*, of Mr. CHALMERS's SUPPLEMENTAL APOLOGY and POSTSCRIPT *en maſſe*, to be ſhipped and uſed as *ſheet-lead* againſt the French and Dutch. The minute account of this tranſaction was related in the Chalmeriana, No. III.

It was notorious to the whole kingdom that Mr. Chalmers's LEAD would have done ten times the execution that any other ſpecies would: but ſuch is the reſpect in this Country for private property, that the Miniſter, though repeatedly urged, could not be prevailed on to put it in State Requiſition. Hence the failure of the whole Expedition, and hence the indignation of the Poetical Bookſeller againſt his Military brother. JASPER HARGRAVE.

(*q*) This phraſe, and the application of it, would be allowed to be happy even by *our own* Campbell, in his

" Philoſophy

The God of ſleep abhors thy viſage pale;
Nor e'en the Lead of CHALMERS ſhall avail!

MR. EGERTON. (*a*)

Loud words, good Sir, the ſenſe alone offend;
But Authors ſhake, when Bookſellers contend:

Anger

"Philoſophy of Rhetoric." The new Revolutionary Monſter, or, the Proviſional Tri-Conſular Power* in the perſons of DUCOS, SIEYES, and BUONAPARTE, with all their Satellites in the plenitude of Military Deſpotiſm, cannot be better expreſſed than in Virgil's words,

Gorgones, Harpyiæque, et FORMA TRICORPORIS UMBRÆ!

J. MAC TAGGART, Profeſſor of the *Humainities* at Aberdeen.

(*a*) Mr. Egerton in his reply to Mr. Becket appears to that advantage, which a man who is cool and in poſſeſſion of himſelf muſt neceſſarily have over one who is tranſported by any paſſion or ecſtacy. Mr. Egerton's military character, as one of the St. Martin's Volunteer Corps, will account for his calm, collected ſtate of mind. The eaſe, the ſoftneſs, and the ſimplicity of his ſpeech is finely contraſted with the Papinian or Theban violence of Mr. Becket, which nothing but the fervour of Patriotiſm could excuſe in that learned and poetical, but rather haſty, Bookſeller. The unaffected diſplay of his Volunteer ſervices in arms, the candid acknowledgment of his fatal error in Politics, and

* Nov. 18, 1799.

Anger like thine is madneſs in degree;
This truth from HORACE take, or learn of ME.
Ah, think of LINTOT, think of CIBBER's fame,
Who gently took all that ungently came;
In FULLER too this homely proverb ſee,
" Two of the ſelf-ſame trade can ne'er agree."
When CHREMES-like (*b*) I heard a Brother ſpeak,
I thought, my BECKET, thy diſcourſe was Greek!

Thou know'ſt, I ever as companions choſe,
Thy various verſe and many-languag'd proſe; (*c*)
Thine

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and the *amende honourable* which he offers to his Country, muſt for ever number Mr. Egerton, of the Military Library Whitehall, among the moſt diſtinguiſhed friends of Great Britain. *Si non erraſſet, fecerat ille minus.* J. MAC TAGGART, Profeſſor of the *Humainities*, &c.

(*b*) A beautiful alluſion to Horace and his Art of Poetry;

————Interdum vocem *Comedia* tollit;
Iratuſque Chremes tumido *delitigat* ore.

For the propriety of theſe alluſions, ſee *our own* Campbell's Philoſophy of Rhetoric. J. MAC TAGGART, Profeſſor, &c.

(*c*) I have been credibly informed that Mr. Egerton conſtantly places " The Purſuits of Literature," the ſole compoſition of Mr. Becket, under his pillow, to aſſiſt his midnight meditations. A Soldier, like Mr. Egerton, always

 has

Thine is the Critic's, thine the Poet's wreath,
And down thy Mall Cremona's gales ſhall breathe!
Thou know'ſt, how gentle by the coaly Shore
My Arms, my Liſts, my Faculities I bore;
How in yon Mews I took my fearleſs ſtand,
And cock'd my piece at valiant CRAIG's (*d*) command.
But though, by WYNDHAM's dialectics preſt,
I ſtill denied Sir RALPHO's high requeſt (*e*),
Think not my heart can Gallic phrenzey feel,
Or I regardleſs of my Country's weal.

No!—then to Engliſh might DUNDAS pretend,
Or PITT receive ONE POET for his friend;

Gout

---

has the example of Cæſar before his eyes, as Lucan deſcribes him;

Media inter prœlia ſemper
Stellarum Cœlique plagis, Superiſque vacavi!

How *neat and appropriate!* J. MAC TAGGART, Profeſſor of the *Humainities*, &c.

(*d*) ALEXANDER CRAIG, Eſq. Examining Clerk of the Board of Works, one of THE COMMANDERS of the St. Martin's Corps of Volunteers. JASPER HARGRAVE.

(*e*) i. e. Mr. Egerton's direct refuſal of General Sir Ralph Abercromby's offer, on the part of Government, to take the whole of Mr. Chalmers's Supplemental Apology ad valorem, *en maſſe*, to be ſhipped on the late expedition as *ſheet lead*, and uſed againſt the Dutch. See a former Illuſtration. JASPER HARGRAVE.

Gout yield to metals, or magnetic touch;
Or PORTLAND gabble Demarara Dutch (*f*);
Of Worms and Pills Sir ARCHY ceaſe to *ſing*,
Or CARLISLE echo back the praiſe of CHING (*g*)!
No!—

(*f*) Since the capture of all the Foreign Settlements of the Dutch in Surinam, and Demarara, I am informed that Mr. Pitt, Mr. Dundas, the Duke of Portland, Lord Grenville, the Earl of Chatham, Lord Chancellor Loughborough, and Mr. Wyndham, have been deeply engaged in ſtudying Dutch under Mr. Janſon, profeſſor of Languages to the Ducheſs of York, to enable them to ſpeak and write it fluently, and in grammatical purity; but Mr. Pitt, as I hear, though of infinite quickneſs of apprehenſion, has made little progreſs in that faſcinating language, and the Cabinet ſay, there is but little hope of the Duke of Portland's *proficiency*. Hence Mr. Egerton's calm aſſertion. JASPER HARGRAVE.

(*g*) Mr. Egerton refers to a beautiful and affecting Epiſtolory Duet, *ſung* every other day between Sir Archibald Macdonald, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Edward Vernon, Lord Biſhop of Carliſle, in honour of Mr. CHING and his WORM PILLS. Sir Archibald Macdonald's diſcovery of the ſubſtance, which he conſidered as "*the neſt of thoſe pernicious animals*," was greatly admired by the faculty. See every newſpaper in the kingdom.

It appears alſo from ſome other clear and valuable letters given to the public, that the Vice Chancellor and the Eſquire Beadles of the Univerſity of Oxford have been grievouſly

No!—my ideas, from ſenſation ſprung
And ſtrong reflection (*h*), high my fancy ſtrung,
Taught me to prize o'er all domeſtic peace,
And in the germ bid factious Scions ceaſe.

Better, when Sugars fell and Taxes roſe,
Merchants and Traders ſhould o'er Income doze;
Better their ſenſes in oblivion ſteep,
That all, who bear not arms, might ſink in ſleep;
Better *at home* might drizzling CHALMERS rain
Drops Paregoric on the public brain;
For ſure I deem'd, miſled by vulgar fame,
Lethéan Lakes and Belgian Dykes the ſame!
Ah me! too late my Country's woes I mourn.

Hadſt thou, profound APOLOGIST (*i*), been torn

By

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troubled with worms, but Mr. CHING has purged that celebrated Univerſity to its ſound and priſtine health; for which he deſerves an epiſtle in verſe himſelf, and he ſhall have one, if I have time to copy it fair. JASPER HARGRAVE.

(*h*) Mr. Egerton always adopted Mr. Locke's ſyſtem; and his known ſettled diſlike and contempt of *Scotch* Metaphyſics have alienated Mr. Chalmers's affection from him, and I think very juſtly. J. MAC TAGGART, Profeſſor, &c. from Aberdeen.

(*i*) This ſublime and unexpected tranſition and apoſtrophe

to

By patriot arms from my reluctant ſide,
Thy Leaves of *Lead*, without thy perſon, tried;
Helder had ſtill in proud defiance ſtood,
And Holland felt old England's Walls of Wood;
Stanhope had ne'er, on Albion's ſea-girt (*ii*) Place,
With Burdett chuckled o'er our dire diſgrace:
No Ruſs denounc'd our tardy ſteps to PAUL (*k*);
No BRUNE exclaim'd, "Capitulate, or Fall:"
Pardon this home-felt truth, thou man of weight!—
I bow to YORK, Sir RALPHO, and the State.

MR.

---

to Mr. Chalmers may rank among the happieſt efforts of poetry in any language. In this manner Virgil,

> Tu, Nubigenas, invicte, bimembres,
> Hylæumque Pholumque manu, tu Creſſia mactas
> Prodigia, &c.

J. MAC TAGGART, Profeſſor, &c.

(*ii*) I ſuppoſe Mr. Egerton alludes to Lord Stanhope's and Sir Francis Burdett's *Marine Conferences* in *Albion Place* at Ramſgate, during the embarkation of the troops for Holland in October 1799. JASPER HARGRAVE.

(*k*) "Our Allies, from cauſes unknown to me, *were two hours too late.*" General Heſſan's Letter to the Emperor Paul. See the Peterſburgh Court Gazette, Oct. 22, 1799; but ſee alſo our own Gazette, and the report of every Britiſh Officer of diſtinction, in the moſt direct oppoſition to it. JASPER HARGRAVE.

MR. CHALMERS.

Ah! thus deformed can Bookſellers appear,
One pale with rage, and haggard one with fear?
But who ſhall e'er, when wordy ſtorms rage high,
To BECKET, or to CAPANEUS (*m*) reply?
What, like DARIUS (*n*) at my utmoſt need,
Muſt I without a friend deſerted bleed?

To

(*m*) How terrific is this alluſion to Statius by Mr. Chalmers, now on the verge of diſtraction himſelf!

Bella protervi
Arcados, atque alio CAPANEUS horrore canendus!
J. MAC TAGGART, Profeſſor, &c.

(*n*) The broken, affecting, melancholy interruptions of ſenſe in *the twelve following lines*, occaſioned by the rapid unconnected tranſitions of ideas, in which Mr. Chalmers calls up ſucceſſively Perſians, Greeks, Romans, Scots and Engliſh, Darius, Macbeth, Dolon, Shakſpeare, Mr. Egerton, Julius Cæſar, Lord Bolingbroke, St. Martin, Pope, and Sir Ralph Abercromby, in a mixed congregated confuſion of words, hiſtory, and metaphors, ſtrongly mark the diſturbed ſtate of Mr. Chalmers's imagination, and the phrenzied impotence of that unhappy Critic.

"So fits give vigour, juſt when they deſtroy."
J. MAC TAGGART, Profeſſor, &c.

To thee, thou patron, dæmon (*o*) of my book,
The Scot exclaims, " Where got'ſt thou that (*p*)
Gooſe-look ?"
No warrior thou: a low, mean, hireling Spy,
In SHAKSPEARE's camp, like DOLON, ſent to pry:
Thee from my vengeful arm, thus baſely ſold,
Nor MARTIN ſhall protect, nor RALPHO's gold.
Yet, though too plain theſe pages (*q*) muſt pretend
THOU wert my *guide*, my bookſeller, and friend,
Think not this wounded ſpirit e'er ſhall call,
" THOU TOO, MY EGERTON?—then CHALMERS fall."

No: to thee, IRELAND, for relief I turn,
For thee and SHAKSPEARE with like ardour burn:
'Tis

(*o*) Addreſſing Mr. Egerton. It is difficult to conceive a ſituation more melancholy and diſtreſſing than Mr. Egerton's; he is totally deprived of the friendſhip of Mr. Chalmers, and left in full poſſeſſion of his book.

(*p*) *Gooſe*. " A large fowl, proverbially noted, I know not why, for fooliſhneſs." Dr. Johnſon's Definition of a Gooſe; Eng. Dict.—JASPER HARGRAVE.

(*q*) i. e. Mr. C.'s Supplemental Apology and Poſtſcript.

'Tis all vain impotence; to pigmy bulk
MALONE ſhall ſhrink, and daſtard STEEVENS ſkulk.
See'ſt thou this POSTSCRIPT (*r*)? Shall it e'er be ſaid,
" My ſaws were toothleſs, and my hatchet *Lead* (*s*)?"
Did ever Indian with more brutal knife
Scalp, yet preſerve the quivering ſtrings of life?
Did ever Prieſt, in MOLOCH's gloomy fane,
More grimly pleas'd with blood his idol ſtain?
Curſe on my ſtar! I hear AUGUSTUS cry,
Forbear; MARCELLUS (*t*) ſhall not, cannot die.

To

(*r*) The Knight of the Leaden Mace himſelf, and all the readers of *his Poſtſcript*, will in no very long time be *forced* to accede to the following deſcription and opinion of it:

" Sans rien omettre, il raconta fort bien
" Ce qu'il ſavoit:—*mais il ne ſavoit rien.*"

JASPER HARGRAVE.

(*s*) A line from Pope, adopted by Mr. Chalmers, and ſaid to be *conſtantly* in his mind.

(*t*) Marcellus—Mr. THOMAS BECKET, Bookſeller, the ſole and unaſſiſted author and publiſher of the Purſuits of Literature. But if any man ſhould be ſo unwarrantably ſceptical as even to hint a doubt of Mr. B.'s free, voluntary, and manly confeſſion and depoſition, there is not, *at preſent*, one

iota

To SATURN's orb my duſky flight I'll wing,
And ſail incumbent o'er his ſullen Ring (*u*); 200
BECKET

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of evidence againſt any other perſon of what rank, name, or diſtinction ſoever.

WM. OWEN, jun. Barriſter at Law.
J. MAC TAGGART, Profeſſor of the Humainities.
JASPER HARGRAVE, Clerk to Mr. OWEN, jun.

(*u*) THE TRANSIT OF CHALMERS OVER THE PLANET SATURN would make a fine ſubject for the pencil of Mr. Fuſeli, and might be engraved on a large ſcale as a tranſparent print, and placed on the table during the readings of the Society of Antiquaries at Somerſet Place. Though THE CHALMERIAN TRANSIT may perhaps be beſt ſeen through a *ſmoaked glaſs*, yet it is imagined from ſome late *penetrating* diſcoveries communicated by Mr. Herſchell to the Royal Society, that Mr. Chalmers will be viſible even to the naked eye in his flight, and in his own dimenſions, conſiderably beyond the ſphere of Mars, and in the confines of Jupiter. But according to the very *intelligible* doctrine of the French Citizen Aſtronomer Lambert, namely, that *diſtance* does not diminiſh the brightneſs of a great luminous object, I am told that Dr. Maſkelyne, the Aſtronomer Royal, has given it as his opinion, that Mr. CHALMERS will appear *as bright* when hovering *over the ring of Saturn*, as he does now when viewed from Oxford, Cambridge, Greenwich, or Stratford, *over the meridian of London*. J. MAC TAGGART, Profeſſor, &c.

BECKET ſhall howl beneath, remote from *Jove*,
Nor in the fields of *Mars* that Recreant (*x*) rove;
But each with groans mephitic air ſhall draw,
Embrac'd by *Scorpion* (*y*) with contracted claw.

HE foam'd and paus'd; then with a blaſting look,
THE PONDEROUS SCEPTRE from the table took;
One ſtroke he aim'd at each devoted Elf,
But felt reflected vengeance on himſelf;
Saturnian vapours from his *Mace* aſcend,
His words, his ſtrength, his wrath in ſlumbers end:

The

(*x*) Mr. Egerton,

(*y*) I think this is an improvement on the delicate Mantuan compliment to Auguſtus concerning the politeneſs of *Scorpion*, when he offered to make room for the Emperor upſtairs. See the Firſt Georgic, V. 34. But on my ſtarting this opinion, Mr. Jaſper Hargrave was more inclined to conſider it, as alluding to the fraternal embrace of a modern French Director or Conſul, to which, as to a Scorpion, Mr. Chalmers appears eager to conſign the two Poets, Becket and Egerton. Perhaps he is right; yet conſult Profeſſor Heyne's Excurſus on the *Cæli juſta pars*. J. MAC TAGGART, Profeſſor of the Humainities.

The Parlour own'd one univerſal nap,
And STOCKDALE yawn'd, and ſunk on CHAUCHARD's
Map (*z*).

(*z*) A celebrated Map of Germany by CAPTAIN CHAUCHARD, now re-printing under a numerous and moſt reſpectable patronage, by Mr. STOCKDALE, who hopes that as not a ſingle copy will be *touched* by Mr. Chalmers or *his Leaden Mace* previous to it's delivery, no one will ſleep over it, but himſelf. JASPER HARGRAVE, Nov. 1799.

THE END OF THE ECLOGUE.

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